

Our Question Drawer.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that we have re-opened this department in the EVANGELIST. We have on hand a number of queries awaiting answers, a few of which will appear each week, until all have been published. If there is any subject concerning which you desire information, make known your wants in the form of an inquiry, and we will endeavor to give you the desired information. Those who send queries will please observe the following rules:

1. In every case, the Editor answers these inquiries, unless he chooses to refer the same to another for answer.
2. The Editor is to be the judge as to whether the query is a proper one for discussion or not.
3. This column is not open for useless controversy. It is intended to furnish information.

QUERY NO. I.—“Who are the ungodly?”

The term *ungodly* appears a number of times in both the Old and the New Testaments, and in general is descriptive of those who forget God, the wicked. Rom. 5: 6. We presume however that the writer refers to the passage in I Peter 4: 18. “And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?” Here there seems to be a distinction made between the “ungodly” and the “sinner.” It is however, only a *negative* and *positive* description of one and the same person.

QUERY NO. II.—What is the meaning of the expression: “Cast not your pearls before swine.” The passage occurs in Matthew 7: 6. It is to be remembered that swine were exceedingly repulsive to the Jews being ceremonially impure and unclean. The idea is, not to *force* religion upon those who are coarse, rough, impure, incapable of appreciating its priceless value, who will not have it, and thus bring religion into contempt, and insult its professors.

“It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for Him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. * * * You can be idle for Him, if so He wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for Him. The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as the harvest field or the battle field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and of finding Him.”

SUSIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

“Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away.”

“Give away your little sister Elsie?”

“Yes, I'm just tired of her noise.”

“But if you and I don't love the poor, sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would.”

“I'd love her if she didn't cry so much.”

“Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?”

“Yes.”

“And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?”

“Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma.”

“Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying, either.”

“Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie,” and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture book she had torn.

In half an hour she came back to the sitting room.

“Is Elsie in the crib?” she asked.

“Come and see,” her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her little sister's place.

“Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?” she exclaimed.

“This is a nice little boy,” her mother said. “He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—.”

“I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie! You haven't given her away, have you?” and Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

“Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago,” Mrs. Gage said, “and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?”

“No, no, I don't,” Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. “If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries, or pull my playthings away from her, or—anything!”

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

“You can take Teddy home with you,” Mrs. Gage said. “Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes.”

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

“I like her forty times the best,” she said over and over again, “because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder.” And perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did.—*Zion's Herald*.

JACK.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: “Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out.”

Jack stared. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

“I mean it Jack,” she repeated.

Jack had to mind; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said: “This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?”

“No, mamma,” answered Jack, shame-faced. “Can't I turn them right?”

“Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with clothes, wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out.”—*Selected*.

A MILLIONAIRE'S PREDICAMENT.

A good story is told of Baron Rothschild, of Paris, who, as is well known, possesses almost fabulous wealth. Having occasion to enter an omnibus, in a fit of abstraction he was about going away without paying. The driver stopped him and demanded his fare.

Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a copper in change. The driver was wroth.

“Well, what did you get in for, if you could not pay? You must have known that you had no money.”

“I am Baron Rothschild,” exclaimed the great capitalist, “and here is my card.” The driver threw the card into the gutter.

“Never heard of you before,” said the driver, “and I don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare—and I must have it.”

The great banker was in haste.

“I have only an order for a million,” he said; “give me the change?” and he proffered a coupon for a million francs.

The conductor stared, and the passengers laughed derisively. Just then a friend passed by, and the baron borrowed of him the necessary six sous, thus releasing himself from a most unpleasant predicament.